

# LEONORA.

A

B A L L A D,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GERMAN

BY

W. R. SPENCER, ESQ.

H. J. PYE.

J. T. STANLEY, ESQ. F. R. S.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE ORIGINAL TEXT.

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## P R E F A C E

B Y

W. R. SPENCER, ESQ.

THE Works of Mr. Burgher, the Author of this and many other Poems of the ballad kind, are universally esteemed, wherever the German language prevails as a national idiom, or is cultivated as a branch of education. Simplicity is the characteristic of his compositions; and of all literary beauties, simplicity must be the most generally attractive. It is no uncommon merit to excel in a style which all understand, many admire, and but few can attain. To this merit Mr. Burgher has an undoubted claim; a claim our countrymen would be the first to allow, could they enjoy his expressions in their original purity, or his ideas in a faithful translation. No writer perhaps has ever obtained a more

decided popularity. To this his subjects and his language equally contribute; for the former he has mostly chosen local traditions, or legendary anecdotes; and in the latter he is generally elegant, often sublime, and never unintelligible. Such qualifications insure him the suffrage of every class of readers. The scholar and the moralist cannot refuse praise where they have found entertainment, without disgust to their taste, or danger to their principles; and the mechanic peruses with delight, sentiments suited to his feelings, imagery familiar to his mind, and precepts adapted to his practice.

One of the most powerful causes of Mr. Burgher's literary popularity is the deep tinge of superstition that shades almost all his compositions. Supernatural incidents are the darling subjects of his countrymen. Their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses, the terrible and majestic; and it must be allowed, that in this species of writing they would force from our nation the palm of ex-

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cellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto. Of all their productions of this kind, Leonora is perhaps the most perfect. The story in a narrow compass unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the Mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the daughter at once natural, and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject, new, simple and striking; and none to a moral, which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced.

The Translator must apologise to those who are *docti sermones utriusque linguae*, for some deviations from the original text. Mr. Burgher has repeatedly used words merely for sound, as *trap, trap, trap*, for the trotting of a horse; and *cling, cling, cling*, for the ringing of a door-bell. These echo to the sense, which are strictly *vox et praeterea nihil*, custom may reconcile to a German Tast; but, literally adopted in an English version, they would appear

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more ridiculous than descriptive. In general it is hoped, that, although many beauties may have been obscured, no essential meaning has been omitted or adulterated.

Between the completion of this Poem and its publication, an elegant version of the same ballad has been published by Mr. Pye. Had the Author of this translation foreseen the intentions of the Laureat, he would not probably have risked a contest with such a distinguished competitor; but as he had long entered the field before Mr. Pye appeared as his adversary, he will not now shrink from a combat where doubtful victory must insure applause, and even complete failure allow the consolation of *Aeneae magni dextra cadit.*

half dead, now, no man is as mad as I;  
the wood behind him is silent and  
dead & the **I.** tree still stands and  
grows on, like living still.

## LEONORA.

*Translated by W. R. SPENCER, ESQ.*

FROM visions of disastrous love  
Leonora starts at dawn of day;  
"How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?  
Does death or falsehood cause thy stay?"  
Since he with godlike Frederick's pow'r  
At Prague had foretold the foe,  
No tidings cheer'd her lonely hours,  
No rumour told his weal or woe.

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,  
Now bade the storm of battle cease;  
Their arms relenting friendship leagued,  
And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.  
They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,  
Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;  
Each war-worn Hero comes to hang  
With trophies his long wept-for hon-

While from each bastion, tower, and shed  
Their country's general blessing showers;  
Love twines for every laurel'd head  
His garland of domestic flowers.  
How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!  
What tears, what kisses greet the brave!  
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,  
Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

From rank to rank, from name to name  
The fond inquirer trembling flew;  
But none by person or by fame,  
Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.  
When all the joyous bands were gone,  
Aghast she tore her raven hair;  
On the cold earth she cast her down,  
Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In haste th' affrighted mother flew,  
And round her clasp'd her aged arms:  
"Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view!  
Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms!"  
"Oh, mother! past is past; 'tis o'er;  
Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;  
God my anguish hears no more,  
Alas, ~~and~~ Oh, woe is me!"

“Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!  
My child, thy prayer to Heaven address;  
God does all well; 'tis ours to bear;  
God gives, but God relieves distress.”

“All trust in Heaven is weak and frail;  
God ill, not well, by me has done;  
I pray'd, while prayers could yet avail;  
Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone.”

“Oh, ever in affliction's hour  
The Father hears his children's cry;  
His blessed sacraments shall pour  
True comfort o'er thy misery.”

“Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,  
What sacrament can e'er allay?  
What sacrament can bid return  
Life's spirit to the mouldering clay?”

“But if, my child, in distant lands,  
Unmindful of his plighted vows,  
Thy false one courts another's bands,  
Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,  
Why let the perjur'd rover go;  
No blessings shall his new love bring,  
And when death lays his body low,  
Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting.”

“My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;  
Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;  
My hope is death; my joy the grave,  
Curs’d be the day that saw me born!  
Sink, sink, detested vital flame,  
Sink in the starless night of death;  
Not God’s, but Wilhelm’s, darling name  
Shall falter from my parting breath!”

“Judge not, great God! this erring child!  
No guilt her bosom dwells within;  
Her thoughts are craz’d, her words are wild;  
Arm not for her the death of sin!  
Oh, child! forget thy mortal love,  
Think of God’s bliss and mercies sweet;  
So shall thy soul, in realms above,  
A bright eternal Bridegroom meet.”

“Oh, mother! what is God’s sweet bliss?  
Oh, mother, mother! what is hell?  
With Wilhelm there is only bliss,  
And without Wilhelm only hell!  
O’er this torn heart, o’er these sad eyes,  
Let the still grave’s long midnight reign;  
Unless my love that bliss supplies,  
Nor earth, nor heaven can bliss contain.”

Thus did the demons of despair  
Her wildered sense to madness strain,  
Thus did her impious clamours dare  
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.  
She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,  
Till westward sunk the car of light,  
And countless stars in air were hung  
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, and prancings proud,  
A war-horse shakes the rattling gate:  
Clattering his clanking armour loud,  
Alights a horseman at the grate:  
And, hark! the door-bell gently rings,  
What sounds are those, we faintly hear?  
The night-breeze in low murmur brings  
These words to Leonora's ear:

“Holla! holla! my life, my love!  
Does Leonora watch or sleep?  
Still does her heart my vows approve?  
Does Leonora smile or weep?”  
“Oh Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee  
Fever'd with tearful vigils burn;  
Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,  
Oh! why so late thy wish'd return?”

“At dead of night alone we ride,  
From Prague’s far distant field I come;  
’Twas late ere I could ’gin bestride  
This coal-black barb, to bear thee home.”  
“Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!  
Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;  
Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer  
On the soft couch of joy and love!”

“Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,  
Let it roar on; we dare not stay:  
My fierce steed maddens to be gone,  
My spurs are set; away, away!  
Mount by the true love’s guardian fide;  
We should ere this full far have sped;  
Five hundred destined miles we ride  
This night, to reach our nuptial bed.”

“Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,  
So late, five hundred miles to roam?  
Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark  
That in one hour would midnight come.”  
“See there, see here, the moon shines clear,  
We and the dead ride fast away.  
I gage, though long our way, and drear,  
We reach our nuptial bed to-day.”

“Say, where the bed and bridal hall?  
What guests our blissful union greet?”  
“Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small;  
Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet.”  
“Hast room for me?” “Room, room enow:  
Come, mount; strange hands our feast prepare;  
To grace the solemn rite, e'en now  
No common bridesmen wait us there.”

Loose was her zone, her breast unveil'd,  
All wild her shadowy tresses hung;  
O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,  
As lightly on the barb she sprung.  
Like wind the bounding courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

How swift, how swift from left and right  
The racing fields and hills recede!  
Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,  
In thunders echo to their speed.  
“Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?”  
“Ah, no; but talk not of the dead.”

What accents flow, of wail and woe,  
Have made yon shrieking raven roar?  
The death-bell beats! the dirge repeats,  
"This dust to parent dust restore."  
Blackening the night, a funeral train  
On a cold bier a coffin brings;  
Their slow pace measur'd to a strain  
Sad as the saddest night-bird sings.

"This dust to dust restore, what time  
The midnight dews o'er graves are shed;  
Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime  
I carry to our nuptial bed.  
Sexton, thy sable minstrels bring!  
Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless!  
All in deep groans our sponsals sing,  
Ere we the genial pillow press."

The bier, the coffin, disappear'd,  
The dirge in distant echoes died,  
Quick sounds of viewless steps are heard  
Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.  
Like wind the bounding courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Mountains and trees, on left and right,  
Swam backward from their aching view;  
With speed, that mock'd the labouring fight  
Towns, villages, and castles flew.  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Oh leave, oh leave in peace the dead!"

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,  
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;  
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,  
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.  
"Come, spectres of the guilty dead,  
With us your goblin morris ply,  
Come all in festive dance to tread,  
Ere on the bridal couch we lie."

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,  
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,  
In sound like autumn winds that rush  
Through withering oak or beech-wood sere.  
With lightning's force the courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,  
Hills chasing hills successive fly;  
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,  
Seem shooting to a backward sky.  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!"

"Barb! barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn  
Warns that our sand is nearly run:  
Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,  
Haste, that our course be timely done.  
Our course is done! our sand is run!  
The nuptial bed the bride attends;  
This night the dead have swiftly sped;  
Here, here, our midnight travel ends!"

Full at a portal's massy grate  
The plunging steed impetuous dash'd:  
At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,  
Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.  
Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide  
O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,  
Charnels and tombs on every side  
Gleam dimly to the blood-red moon.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,  
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,  
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,  
Like ashes from consuming wood.  
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,  
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,  
All bone his length'ning form appears ;  
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts ; blue fiery flakes  
Collected roll his nostrils round ;  
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,  
And sinks beneath the rending ground.  
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,  
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath ;  
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,  
Hangs quiv'ring on the dart of death.

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,  
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crowd  
Dance feately round th' expiring maid,  
And howl this awful lesson loud :  
" Learn patience, though thy heart should break,  
Nor seek God's mandates to controul !  
Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,  
And Heav'n relenting take thy soul ! "

## II.

## LENORE.

*Translated by HENRY JAMES PYE.*

LENORE wakes from dreams of dread  
At the rosy dawn of day:  
"Art thou false, or art thou dead?  
WILLIAM, wherefore this delay?"  
Join'd with FREDERICK's host he sought  
On PRAGA's bloody field, the foe;  
Since no tidings had been brought  
Of his weal, or of his woe.

Tir'd of war, the royal foes  
Bid the storm of battle cease,  
And in mutual compact close  
Terms of amity, and peace;  
Either host with jocund strain,  
Drum, and cymbals clearing sound,  
Seek their peaceful homes again,  
All with verdant garlands crown'd.

Young and old, on every side  
Crowd the way, their friends to meet,  
Many a mother, many a bride,  
Sons, and husbands, fondly greet.  
Pale and cheerless mid the rest  
Ah! the sad LENOIRE see!  
None to clasp thee to his breast,  
Not a glowing kiss for thee.

Now amid the warlike train  
Running swift, with tearful eye,  
All she asks, but all in vain.—  
See the lingering rear pass by!—  
Now she rends with frantic hand  
Tresses of her raven hair,  
Falling breathless on the sand,  
Agonizing in despair.

Lo! with grief her mother wild.—  
“Pitying Heaven! look down with grace.—  
O my child! my dearest child!”  
And clasps her in a fond embrace.  
“Ah my mother, all is o'er;  
Desert now the world will prove.—  
Heaven no mercy has in store.  
Ah my lost, my slaughter'd love!”

“Aid her Heaven! her grief appease.—  
Breathe my child a fervent prayer.  
Ever just are Heaven’s decrees,  
Heaven is ever prompt to spare.”  
“Prayers alas! are useless all,  
Heaven to me no mercy shews,  
Vainly I for aid should call,  
Unregarded are my woes.”

“Aid **LORD**! O aid! His parent fight  
Watchful guards each dutious child;  
Soon shall his high-honour’d rite  
Sooth to peace thy sorrows wild.”—  
“Ah! the pangs my heart that rive  
Holy rites would sooth in vain;  
Can they bid the dead revive?—  
Bid my **WILLIAM** breathe again?”

“Hear my child! in foreign lands  
Far away his troth he plights,  
Binds his faith by newer bands,  
Thee for newer loves he flights.—  
Unregarded let him rove,  
Short his visions of delight,  
Perjuries of treacherous love  
Heaven with vengeance will requite.”

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“Mother, time returns no more;  
I am wretched, lost, forlorn;  
Every hope but death is o'er,  
Woe the hour that I was born!  
Wrap me deep in night, and shade,  
Far the light of life remove,  
Heaven's mercy is no more display'd,  
O my Love, my murder'd love!”

“God of Mercy! Hear! O hear!  
Frantic sorrow makes her wild;  
Judge not in thy wrath severe,  
Spare, O spare thy tortur'd child.  
O my child, forget thy woe,  
Lift to heaven thy sorrowing eye  
Endless blessings there to know,  
Bridal joys that never die.”

“Mother, what is endless bliss?  
Endless pain, what, Mother?—Tell.  
All my Heaven was WILLIAM's kiss,  
WILLIAM's loss is all my hell.  
Far the light of life remove,  
Night and horrour shroud my head.  
Can I live to mourn my love?  
Can I joy when WILLIAM's dead?”

Thus the frenzy of despair  
Thro' her swelling veins was driven,  
Thus her madd'ning accents dare  
    War against the will of heaven;  
Frantic thro' the livelong day  
    Her breast she beat, her hands she wrung,  
Till Sol withdrew his golden ray,  
    And heaven's high arch with stars was hung.

Thro' the stillness of the night  
    Hark!—a horse—he this way bends.—  
Now she hears the rider 'light,  
    Now his foot the step ascends.  
Hark!—the tinkling gate bell rung  
    Now her listening senses hear.—  
Accents from a well-known tongue  
    Thro' the portal reach her ear.

“Rise, my love—the bar remove—  
    Dost thou wake or dost thou sleep?  
Think’st thou of thy absent love?—  
    Dost thou laugh or dost thou weep?”—  
WILLIAM! Thou?—From sorrow’s power  
    I have learn’d to weep, and wake.  
Whence in midnight’s gloomy hour,  
    Whence his course does WILLIAM take?”

“We can only ride by night.—  
From Bohemia’s plains I come,  
Late, ah late I come, but dight  
To bear thee to my distant home.”—  
“WILLIAM! WILLIAM! hither haste.—  
Thro’ the hawthorn blows the wind,  
In my glowing arms embraced  
Reft, and warmth my love shall find.”

“Thro’ the hawthorn let the winds  
Keenly blow with breath severe,  
The courser paws, the spur he finds,  
Ah! I must not linger here.  
Lightly on the sable steed  
Come, my love,—behind me spring.  
Many a mile o’erpast with speed,  
To our bride-bed shall thee bring.”

“Many a mile o’er distant ground  
Ere our nuptial couch we reach?—  
The iron bells of midnight sound,  
Soon the midnight fiends will screech.”—  
“See how clear the moon’s full ray,  
Soon the dead’s swift course is sped,  
Long, O long ere dawn of day  
We shall reach the bridal bed.”

“Who shall tend thy nuptial bower?  
Who thy nuptial couch shall spread?”  
“Silent, cold, and small, our bower,  
Form’d of planks our nuptial bed.  
Yet for me, for thee there’s space—  
Lightly on the courser bound,  
Deck’d is now our bridal place,  
Guests expecting wait around.”

Won by fond affection’s charm  
On the horse she lightly sprung,  
Round her love, her lily arm  
Close the love-sick virgin flung.  
On they press their rapid flight  
Swifter than the whirlwind’s force,  
Struck from flints a sparkling light  
Marks the steed’s unceasing course.

On the left, and on the right,  
Heaths, and meads, and fallow’d grounds,  
Seem receding from their sight;  
How each bridge they pass resounds!  
“Fears my Love?—The moon shines clear,  
Swift the course of death is sped.  
Does my Love the dead now fear?”—  
“No, ah! no!—Why name the dead?”

Hark! The solemn dirge, and knell!  
Croaking round the raven flies,—  
Hear the death song!—hear the bell—  
See a grave fresh opened lies.  
See the sad funereal rite,  
See the coffin and the bier,  
Hear the shriek of wild affright,  
Groans of lamentation hear!

“While sounds the dirge, while death-bells ring,  
The corpse interr'd at midnight see.—  
Home my blooming bride I bring,  
You our bridal guests must be.—  
Sexton come, come with thy choir,  
Songs of love before us sing;  
O'er the couch of fond desire  
Priest thy nuptial blessings sing.”

Down the sable bier was laid,  
Hush'd the knell, and hush'd the dirge.  
All his voice at once obey'd,  
All their flight behind him urge.  
On the steed still speeds his flight,  
Swifter than the whirlwind's force;  
Struck from flints the flashing light  
Distant marks his rapid course.

To the left, and to the right,  
As they pass with lightning speed,  
Mountains vanish from their sight,  
Streams, and woods, and towns recede.  
"Fears my love? — The moon shines clear.—  
Swift the course of death is sped,—  
Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
"Leave, ah leave at peace the dead."

Wheels, and racks, and gibbets, see  
By the pale moon's trembling glance;  
Crowding sprites, with horrid glee,  
Round the seats of terror dance:  
"Come, ye goblins! hither come,  
Hither let your footsteps tread,  
Follow to our distant home,  
Dance around our bridal bed."

Soon they hear, and follow fast,  
Loudly murmuring as they move,  
Like the shrill autumnal blast  
Whistling thro' the wither'd grove.  
Far the steed now speeds his flight,  
Swifter than the whirlwind's force,  
Struck from flints the flashing light  
Distant marks his rapid course.

Far, shewn by the moon's pale light,  
Far the distant landscape flies.  
Far, receding from their sight,  
Fly the clouds, the stars, the skies.  
"Fears my Love?—The moon shines clear.—  
Swift the course of death is sped.  
Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
"Leave! O leave at rest, the dead."

"Crows the cock—dark courser hear,  
Soon the land will now be run.  
Now I scent the morning air \*,  
Sable steed thy toil is done;—  
Now our labour is compleat;  
Swift's the passage of the dead;  
We have reach'd our destin'd seat,  
Open now the nuptial bed."

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\* This, and the other imitation of Shakespear in stanza the fifteenth, are literally translated from the original.

'Gainst an iron-grated door  
Fierce with loosen'd rein he drives;  
The ponderous bars resist no more,  
Even a touch their hinges rives.  
Over tombs with clattering sound  
Now they urge their destin'd way;  
Scatter'd grave-stones gleam around  
In the wan moon's glimmering ray.

Turn, O instant turn the eye,  
See a ghastly wonder shewn!—  
The horseman's flesh, like tinder dry,  
Drops piecemeal from each naked bone.  
From the skull now falls the hair,  
Drear the death-like phantom stands,  
A skeleton expos'd and bare,  
Scythe and hour-glass in his hands.

See the black steed wildly rear—  
Sparkling streams of horrid light  
From his snorting nostrils glare,  
Down he sinks to endless night.—  
On the breeze loud shrieks are borne,  
Groan the graves with boding breath;  
LENORE's heart by tortures torn,  
Vibrates now 'tween life and death.

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Hand and hand in fatal ring  
By the pale moon's fading ray,  
Demons round them dance, and sing,  
Howling forth this dreadful lay.—  
“Patient bear th' heart-rending blast,  
Wage not impious war with Heaven,  
Here on earth thy days are past.  
Mercy to thy soul be given!”

## III.

## LEONORA.

*Translated by STANLEY, ESQ.*

“AH, William! art thou false or dead?”  
Cried Leonora from her bed;  
“I dreamt thou’dst ne’er return.”  
William had fought in Frederick’s host  
At Prague, but what his fate—if lost  
Or safe, she could not learn.

Hungaria’s Queen, and Prussia’s King,  
Weariest, at length, with bickering,  
Resolv’d to end the strife;  
And homewards, then, their separate routs  
The armies took, with songs and shouts,  
With cymbals, drum, and fife.

As deck’d with boughs they march’d along,  
From ev’ry door, the old and young  
Rush’d forth the troops to greet.  
“Thank God,” each child and parent cry’d,  
And “welcome, welcome,” many a bride,  
As friends long parted meet.

They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd:  
No kiss she gave, no kiss receiv'd;  
Of William none could tell.  
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,  
Till left alone, in deep despair,  
Bereft of sense she fell.

Swift to her aid her mother came,  
"Ah! say," she cried, "in mercy's name,  
"What means this frantic grief?"  
"Mother, 'tis past—all hopes are fled,  
God hath no mercy, William's dead,  
My woe is past relief."

"Pardon, O pardon, Lord above!"  
My child, with pray'r's invoke his love,  
Th' Almighty never errs."  
"O, mother! mother! idle prate,  
Can he be anxious for my fate,  
Who never heard my pray'rs?"

"Be patient, child, in God believe,  
The good he can and will relieve,  
To trust his power endeavour."  
"O, mother! mother! all is vain,  
What trust can bring to life again?  
The past, is past for ever."

“Who knows, but that he yet survives;  
Perchance, far off from hence he lives,  
And thinks no more of you.  
Forget, forget, the faithless youth,  
Away with grief, your sorrow sooth,  
Since William proves untrue.”

“Mother, all hope has fled my mind,  
The past, is past, our God’s unkind;  
Why did he give me breath?  
Oh! that this hated loathsome light  
Would fade for ever from my sight,  
Come, death, come, welcome death!”

“Indulgent Father, spare my child,  
Her agony hath made her wild,  
She knows not what she does.  
Daughter, forget thy earthly love,  
Look up to him who reigns above,  
Where joys succeed to woes.”

“Mother, what now are joys to me?  
With William, Hell a Heaven could be;  
Without him, Heaven a Hell.  
Fade, fade away, thou hated light,  
Death, bear me hence to endless night,  
With love all hope farewell.”

Thus rashly, Leonora strove  
To doubt the truth of heavenly love;  
She wept and beat her breast!  
She pray'd for death, until the moon  
With all the stars in silence shone,  
And sooth'd the world to rest.

When, hark! without, what sudden sound?  
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,  
Some horseman must be near!  
He stops, he rings. Hark! as the noise  
Dies soft away, a well-known voice  
Thus greets her list'ning ear:

"Wake, Leonora;—dost thou sleep,  
Or thoughtless laugh, or constant weep,  
Is William welcome home?"  
"Dear William, you!—return'd and well!  
I've wak'd and wept—but why, ah! tell,  
So late—at night you come?"

"At midnight only dare we roam.  
For thee from Prague, though late, I come."  
"For me!—stay here and rest;  
The wild winds whistle o'er the waste,  
Ah, dearest William! why such haste?  
First warm thee in my breast."

“Let the winds whistle o'er the waste,  
My duty bids me be in haste;  
Quick, mount upon my steed:  
Let the winds whistle far and wide,  
Ere morn, two hundred leagues we'll ride,  
To reach our marriage bed.”

“What, William! for a bridal room,  
Travel to night so far from home?”

“Leonora, 'tis decreed.  
Look round thee, Love, the moon shines clear,  
The dead ride swiftly; never fear,  
We'll reach our marriage bed.”

“Ah, William! whither wouldst thou speed?  
What! where! this distant marriage bed?”

“Leonora, no delay!  
'Tis far from hence, still—cold—and small;  
Six planks, no more, compose it all;  
Our guests await, away!”

She lightly on the courser sprung,  
And her white arms round William slung,

Like to a lily wreath.

In swiftest gallop off they go,  
The stones and sparks around they threw,  
And pant the way for breath.

The objects fly on every side,  
The bridges thunder as they ride:  
“Art thou, my Love, afraid?  
Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,  
The dead doth Leonora fear?”  
“Ah, no!—why name the dead?”

Hark! as their rapid course they urge,  
A passing bell, and solemn dirge;  
Hoarse ravens join the strain.  
They see a coffin on a bier,  
A priest and mourners too appear,  
Slow moving o'er the plain.

And sad was heard the funeral lay:  
“What the Lord gives, he takes away;  
Life's but a fleeting shade.  
A tale that's told—a flower that falls;  
Death, when the least expected, calls,  
And bears us to his bed.”

“Forbear;”—imperious William cry'd,  
“I carry home, a beauteous bride,  
Come, to our marriage feast;  
Mourners, away, we want your song;  
And as we swiftly haste along,  
Give us your blessing, priest.”

“Sing on, that life is like a shade,  
A tale that's told, or flowers which fade;  
Such strains will yield delight.  
And, when we to our chamber go,  
Burry your dead, with wail and woe;  
The service suits the night.”

While William speaks, they silent stand,  
Then run obedient to command.

But, on with furious bound,  
The foaming courser forward flew,  
Fire and stones his heels pursue,  
Like whirlwinds dash'd around.

On right and left, on left and right,  
Trees, hills, and towns flew past their sight,  
As on they breathless prest:  
“With the bright moon, like death we speed,  
Doth Leonora fear the dead?”

“Ah! leave the dead at rest.”

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,  
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,  
Join'd hand in hand, a crowd  
Of imps and spectres hover nigh,  
Or round a waif'd wretch they fly,  
When William calls aloud:

“Hither, ye airy rabble, come,  
And follow till I reach my home;  
We want a marriage dance.”  
As when the leaves on wither’d trees,  
Are rustled by an eddying breeze,  
The muttering sprites advance.

But soon with hurried steps, the crew  
Rush’d prattling on, for William flew  
Clasp’d by the frightened fair:  
Swifter than shafts, or than the wind,  
While struck from earth, fire flash’d behind,  
Like lightnings through the air.

Not only flew the landscape by,  
The clouds and stars appear’d to fly.

“Thus over hills and heath  
We ride like death; say, lovely maid,  
By moon-light dost thou fear the dead?”  
“Ah! speak no more of death.”

“The cock hath crow’d.—Away! away!  
The land ebbs out: I scent the day.  
On! on! away from here!  
Soon must our destin’d course be run,  
The dead ride swift,—hurrah! ’tis done,  
The marriage bed is near.”

High grated iron doors, in vain  
Barr'd their way.—With loosened rein  
Whil'st William urg'd the steed,  
He struck the bolts;—they open flew,  
A church yard drear appear'd in view;  
Their path was o'er the dead.

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon  
With feebler ray, o'er objects shone,  
Where tomb-stones faint appear,  
A grave new dug arrests the pair,  
Cry'd William, and embrac'd the fair,  
"Our marriage bed is here."

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,  
His flesh like touchwood from him fell,  
His eyes forsook his head.  
A skull, and naked bones alone,  
Supply the place of William gone,  
'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,  
As wrapp'd in smoke he disappear'd,  
Poor Leonora fell;  
The hideous spectres hover round,  
Deep groans she hears from under ground,  
And fiends ascend from hell.

They dance, and cry, in dreadful howl,  
"She asks no mercy for her soul;  
Her earthly course is done,  
When mortals, rash and impious, dare  
Contend with God, and court despair,  
We claim them as our own."

"Yet, thus was heard, in milder strains,  
Call on the Lord, while life remains,  
Unite your heart to his;  
When Man repents and is resign'd,  
God loves to sooth his suff'ring mind,  
And grant him future bliss."

"We claim as ours who impious dare,  
Contend with God, and court despair;"

Again the spectres cry'd.

"Fate threatens in vain, when man's resign'd,  
God loves to sooth the suff'ring mind,"

The gentler voice reply'd.

Leonora, e'er her sense was gone,  
Thus faint exclam'd,—"Thy will be done,  
Lord, let thy anger cease."  
Soft on the wind was born the pray'r;  
The spectres vanish'd into air,  
And all was hush'd in peace.

Now redd'ning tints the skies adorn,  
And streaks of gold proclaim the morn;

The night is chas'd away.

The sun ascends, new warmth he gives,  
New hope, new joy, all nature lives,  
And hails the glorious day.

No more are dreadful phantoms near;  
Love, and his smiling train, appear.

They cult each sweetest flow'r,  
To scatter o'er the path of youth,  
To deck the bridal bed, when Truth  
And Beauty own their pow'r,

Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blast  
Which threatens Bliss!—could passion last!

Ye dear enchanters tell,  
What purer joy could Heaven bestow,  
Than when with shar'd affection's glow  
Our panting bosoms swell?

Sweet spirits! wave the airy wand,  
Two faithful hearts your care demand;  
Lo! bounding o'er the plain,  
Led by your charm, a youth returns;  
With hope his breast impatient burns;  
Hope is not always vain.

“Wake, Leonora!—wake to Love!  
For thee his choicest wreath he wove;  
Death vainly aim’d his dart.”  
The past was all a dream; she woke—  
He lives;—’twas William’s Self who spoke,  
And clasp’d her to his heart.





Lenore.



Lenore.

Ballade

von

Bürgerr.

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In drey Englischen Übersetzungen,

nebst dem

Deutschen Original-Texte.

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Wien.

Bey N. Sammer, Buchhändler.

1798.



## Vorbericht.

Bürgers beliebte Ballade, *Lenore*, hat unter den Gelehrten in England in Übersetzungen so viel Wetteiferer gefunden, daß es wirklich der deutschen Litteratur zur Ehre gereichen muß. Die folgenden drey Übersetzungen zeichnen sich unter mehrern andern vorzüglich aus. Es scheint, daß endlich die Engländer ihr altes Vorurtheil, welches sie so lange wider die Deutschen hegten, indem sie ihnen das Genie absprachen, ablegen \*. Die drey folgenden Übersetzungen sind überhaupt gut gerathen, und dem deutschen Orio-

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\* Zum Beweise will ich nur folgende Anekdote anführen. Als Dr. Händel, der berühmte deutsche Tonkünstler in Dublin ein Concert aufführen wollte, und dazu einiger Sänger benötiget war; so ging er zum Dechant Swift um sich von ihm einige Chorsänger auszubitten. Händel ließ sich bey dem Dechant melden, und sandte ihm durch dessen Bedienten seinen Namen ein. Swift fragte seinen Bedienten, wer dieser Händel wäre? Der Bediente sagte ihm, daß Händel ein Deutscher und das größte Genie in der Musik wäre. Was? sagte Swift, ein Deutscher ein Genie? Läßt ihn heraus kommen.

ginale so ziemlich ganz tren geblieben; nur Stan-  
ley nahm beym Schlusse der Ballade einen An-  
stand, wahrscheinlich, weil ihm die frappante  
Katastrophe einiger Maßen missfiel. Er gab der  
Ballade am Schlusse eine ganz andere Wen-  
bung; allein er würde besser gethan haben, wenn  
er dem Originale beym Schlusse getreu geblie-  
ben wäre, indem selbe eben durch das Frap-  
pante mehr gewinnt; auch ist es der Moral der  
Ballade angemessener. Ich habe zu diesem Ende  
ebenfalls den deutschen Originaltext am Ende  
beygesetzt, damit die Leser sogleich sich Naths  
erhohlen können. Ich schmeichle mir, daß diese  
gegenwärtige kleine wohlfeile Ausgabe dem grös-  
ten Theile der Leser willkommen seyn dürfte,  
indem ihnen die englischen Auflagen, welche,  
theils in Folio oder Quarto mit der grössten  
Pracht auf Vellinpapier, und mit meisterhaften  
Kupfern und Vignetten prangen, mehr Dukaten  
kosten würde, als ihnen die gegenwärtige Aus-  
gabe auf Groschen zu stehen kommt. Es wird  
übrigens für mich Belohnung genug seyn, wenn  
ich unter meinen Landsleuten, den Deutschen,  
durch die Ausgabe verschiedener englischer Wer-  
ke die Lectüre derselben verbreiten helfe. Wien,  
im Augustmonde 1798.

— R. Sammer.



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## Lenore.

Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth  
 Empor aus schweren Träumen :  
 "Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?  
 Wie lange willst du säumen?" —  
 Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht  
 Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,  
 Und hatte nicht geschrieben,  
 Ob er gesund geblieben.

Der König und die Kaiserin,  
 Des langen Haders müde,  
 Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,  
 Und machten endlich Friede ;  
 Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Säng,  
 Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,  
 Geschmückt mit grünen Neisen,  
 Bog heim zu seinen Häusern.

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Und überall all überall,  
 Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,  
 Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall  
 Der Kommenden entgegen.  
 Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattinn laut,  
 Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.  
 Ach! aber für Lenoren  
 War Gruß und Kuß verloren.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,  
 Und frug nach allen Nahmen;  
 Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,  
 Von allen, so da kamen.  
 Als nun das Heer vorüber war,  
 Zerrauft sie ihr Rabenhaar,  
 Und warf sich hin zur Erde,  
 Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:—  
 “ Ach, daß sich Gott erbarme!  
 Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?”—  
 Und schloß sie in die Arme.—  
 “ O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!  
 Nun fahre Welt und Alles hin!  
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen.  
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!”—

“Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!

Kind, beth' ein Vaterunser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

Gott, Gott erbarmt sich unser!”—

“O Mutter, Mutter! Hitler Wahn!

Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!

Was half, was half mein Betzen?

Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen.”—

“Hilf Gott, hilf! Wer den Vater kennt,

Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern.

Das hochgelobte Sakrament

Wird deinen Jammer lindern.”—

“O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,

Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!

Kein Sakrament mag Leben

Den Todten wiedergeben.”—

“Hör', Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,

Im fernen Ungerlande,

Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,

Zum neuen Ehebande?

Laß fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!

Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!

Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,

Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen.”—

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!  
 Verloren ist verloren!  
 Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!  
 O wär' ich nie geboren!  
 Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!  
 Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!  
 Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen.  
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!”—

“ hilf Gott, hilf! Geh' nicht ins Gericht  
 Mit deinem armen Kinde!  
 Sie weiß nicht, was die Zunge spricht;  
 Behalt' ihr nicht die Sünde!  
 Ach, Kind, vergiß dein irdisch Leid,  
 Und denk' an Gott und Seligkeit!  
 So wird doch deiner Seelen  
 Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen.”—

“ O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?  
 O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?  
 Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,  
 Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!—  
 Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!  
 Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!  
 Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,  
 Mag dort nicht selig werden.”—

So wüthete Herzweifelung  
 Ihr in Gehirn und Adern.  
 Sie fuhr mit Gottes Vorsehung  
 Vermessen fort zu hadern;  
 Zerschlug den Busen, und zerrang  
 Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,  
 Bis auf am Himmelsbogen  
 Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und außen, horch! ging's trap trap trap,  
 Als wie von Rosseshufen;  
 Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,  
 An des Geländers Stufen;  
 Und horch! und horch! den Pfostenring  
 Ganz lose, leise, Klinglingling!  
 Dann kamen durch die Pforte,  
 Vernehmlich diese Worte:

“Holla, Holla! Thu auf mein Kind!  
 Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?  
 Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?  
 Und weinest oder lachst du?”—  
 “Ach, Wilhelm, du?—So spät bey Nacht?—  
 Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht;  
 Ach, großes Leid erlitten!  
 Wo kommst du hergeritten?”—

“Wir fätseln nur um Mitternacht.  
 Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen.  
 Ich habe spät mich ausgemacht,  
 Und will dich mit mir nehmen.”—  
 “Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!  
 Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind,  
 herein, in meinen Armen,  
 Herzliebster, zu erwärmen!”—

“Läß fausen durch den Hagedorn,  
 Läß fausen, Kind, läß fausen!  
 Der Rappé scharrt, es klirrt der Sporn;  
 Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.  
 Komm, schürze, spring’ und schwinge dich  
 Auf meinen Rappé hinter mich!  
 Muß heut noch hundert Meilen  
 Mit dir ins Brautbett’ eilen.”—

“Ach! wolltest hundert Meilen noch  
 Mich heut ins Brautbett’ tragen?  
 Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,  
 Die eilf schon angeschlagen.”—  
 “Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell.  
 Wir und die Todten reiten schnell.  
 Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,  
 Noch heut ins Hochzeitbette.”—

"Say' an, wo ist dein Kummerlein?  
 Wo? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen?"—  
 "Weit, weit von hier!—Still, fühl und klein!—  
 Sechs Bretter und zwey Beetchen!"—  
 "Hat's Raum für mich?"—"Für dich und mich!  
 Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich!  
 Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen;  
 Die Kammer steht uns offen."—

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang  
 Sich auf das Ross behende;  
 Wohl um den trauten Reiter schläng  
 Sie ihre Lilienhände;  
 Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!  
 Ging's fort in sansendem Galopp,  
 Das Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,  
 Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,  
 Wie flogen Anger, Haid' und Land!  
 Wie donnerten die Brücken!—  
 "Graut Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!  
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"—  
 "Ach nein!—Doch las die Todten!"—

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?

Was flatterten die Raben? —

Horch Glöckenklang! horch Todtensang:

“Laßt uns den Leib begraben!”

Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,

Der Sarg und Todtenbahre trug.

Das Lied war zu vergleichen

Dem Untertuif in Leichen.

“Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,

Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!

Jetzt führ’ ich heim mein junges Weib.

Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!

Komm, Küster, hier! Komm mit dem Chor,

Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!

Komm, Pfaff’, und sprich den Segen,

Eh wir zu Bett’ uns legen!” —

Still Klang und Sang.—Die Bahre schwand.—

Gehorsam seinem Rufen,

Kam’s, hurre hurre! nachgerannt, —

Hart hinter’s Rappen Hüfen.

Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!

Ging’s fort in fausendem Galopp,

Daß Ross und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie slogen rechts, und slogen links,  
Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!  
Wie slogen links, und rechts, und links  
Die Dörfer, Städ' und Flecken! —  
"Graut Liebchen auch? — Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?" —  
"Ach! Läß sie ruhn, die Todten." —

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht  
Tanzt' um des Nades Spindel,  
Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,  
Ein lustiges Gesindel. —  
Gasa! Gesindel, hier! Komm hier!  
Gesindel, komm und folge mir!  
Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,  
Wann wir zu Bette steigen!" —

Und das Gesindel, husch husch husch!  
Kam hinten nachgeprasselt,  
Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch  
Durch dürre Blätter rasselt.  
Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!  
Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,  
Das Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,  
 Wie flog es in die Ferne!  
 Wie flogen oben über hin  
 Der Himmel und die Sterne!—  
 "Graut Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!  
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"—  
 "O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten!"—

"Napp'! Napp'! Mich dunkt der Hahn schon ruft.—  
 Bald wird der Sand verrinnen—  
 Napp'! Napp'! Ich witte Morgenluft—  
 Napp'! Lummle dich von hinten!—  
 Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!  
 Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!  
 Die Todten reiten schnelle!  
 Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle."—

Nasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor  
 Ging's mit verhängtem Bügel.  
 Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor  
 Zersprengte Schloß und Riegel.  
 Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,  
 Und über Gräber ging der Lauf.  
 Es blinkten Leichensteine  
 Rund um im Mondenscheine.

Ha sieh! Ha sieh! im Augenblick,  
 Huhu! ein grässlich Wunder!  
 Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,  
 Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder.  
 Zum Schädel, ohne Kopf und Schopf,  
 Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;  
 Sein Körper zum Gerippe,  
 Mit Stundenglas und Rippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp',  
 Und sprühte Feuerfunken;  
 Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab  
 Verschwunden und versunken.  
 Geheul! Geheul aus hoher Luft,  
 Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.  
 Lenorens Herz, mit Beben,  
 Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

Nun tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,  
 Rund um herum im Kreise,  
 Die Geister einen Kettentanz,  
 Und heulten diese Weise:  
 "Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!  
 "Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!  
 "Des Leibes bist du ledig;  
 "Gott sey der Seele gnädig!"  
 —————

